" I should have thought you would look much better in white."

" Oh, no ! " I said.

And then they dropped the subject for that day. It *was* clever of him !

The next day Lacy came up to me :

" You didn't really mean that you are going to wear black in the mad scene ? "

"Yes, I did. Why not ? "

" *Why not I* My God ! Madam, there must be only one black figure in this play, and that's Hamlet! "

I did feel a fool. What a blundering donkey I had been not to see it before ! I was very thrifty in those days, and the thought of having been the cause of needless expense worried me. So instead of the *crape de Chim* and miniver, which had been used lor the black dress, I had for the white dress Bolton sheeting and rabbit, and I believe it looked better.

The incident, whether Henry was right or not, led me to see that, although I knew more of art and archaeology in dress than he did, he had a finer sense of what was right for the *scene.* After this he always consulted me about the costumes, but if he said : " I want such and such a scene to be kept dark and mysterious," I knew better than to try and introduce pale-coloured dresses into it.

Henry always had a fondness for " the old actor," and would engage him in preference to the tyro any day. " I can trust them," he explained briefly.

In the cast of " Hamlet" Mr. Forrester, Mr. Chippendale, and Torn Mead worthily repaid the trust. Mead, in spite

of a terrible excellence in " Meadisms "—he substituted
the most excruciatingly funny words for Shakespeare's
when his memory of the text failed—was a remarkable
actor. His voice as the Ghost was beautiful, and his